The Liberalist

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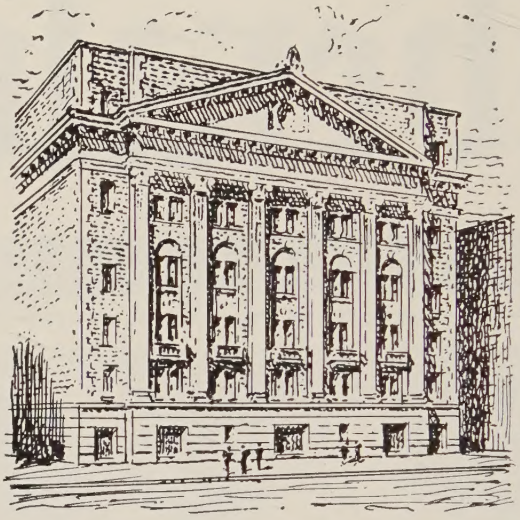
A suit that at noon was a garment of white,
Now one that his mother declares is a fright:
A fun-loving, sun-loving rascal, and fine,
Is he that comes placing his black fist in mine.

Edgar A. Guest

From "The Rough Little Rascal"



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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Happiness Through Creative Living

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Monday, May 1st.

MAY 1st and a busy day! Three funerals. The first one that of the Reverend J. A. Winters, for many years pastor of the Progressive Community Church on the South Side. The church in which he served was packed to overflowing, with people standing, to pay him tribute. The eulogies were given by various ministers, including the Reverend Archibald Carey, who was a member of the President's Commission for Fair Employment, and also a member of the United States Delegation in the United Nations. Mr. Carey had known Dr. Winters all of his life. It was a great tribute to a great man. I was asked to give the concluding eulogy and I finished by taking the phrase from the monument of Sir Christopher Wren, in St. Paul's Cathedral: "If you would see my monument, look around you."

When one has been as long as I have in one's church, one's roots become intertwined with myriads of lives. This afternoon I thought of it as I conducted the funeral service for Mrs. Hulda Pauline Jones. I buried her sister 35 years ago and I christened her two sons who are now grown to manhood and who were present.

From her funeral I went out to make a call on Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas, one of the long-time members of our church and active in our Woman's Club and bazaars every year for years, who is moving to New York. Mrs. Thomas has been physically incapacitated for the last few years and unable to move about without a wheelchair. I had a delightful visit with her which, because of our long association was filled with many happy memories. We shall all miss her in church and I am never going to New York but what I shall try and see her.

Tuesday, May 2nd.

For the second time in my ministry I had a double funeral today. The first double funeral I had was many years ago, when I conducted the service for Mr. and Mrs. Bolling Arthur Johnson. Mr. Johnson was the distinguished Editor of the Lumberman's Review, an important trade journal. He was assisted by his wife Rose, who had a desk alongside his in the editorial office. They were very close and very dear companions, in the home as well as in business life. This doesn't work out too successfully as a rule but they were the great exceptions. I never knew two people, with the exception of our own Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Harrison, who were more devoted in every interest of life than the Johnsons. Mrs. Johnson one afternoon became ill in the office and decided she should go immediately to St. Luke's Hospital. She left the office, entered a taxicab, and when the cab arrived at St. Luke's and the driver opened the door, she was dead. Mr. Johnson was in New Orleans at the time and I had to call New Orleans and tell Bolling Arthur Johnson what had happened. He said "I will return immediately to Chicago," and told me the time and train when he would arrive. I met him at the station with a taxicab, took him to the home—they lived on Kenmore Avenue, not far from the church. As he entered the house he said "I cannot go in and see Rose without you." I had a wedding and I had to leave immediately. He said "I will take a bath, change my clothes and wait for you, and when

you come back I will go to Rose with you." I left him, went home to my Study, where the wedding was waiting. In the midst of the wedding ceremony the phone rang and I was told that Mr. Johnson had just died. I went back to that stricken home. He never saw Mrs. Johnson in death. I conducted their double funeral service for them and it was one of the saddest I have ever had.

The other double funeral I had this afternoon in Batavia, Illinois. Last Sunday Mr. Leonard Bixler called me and asked me if I would come to Batavia and conduct the funeral service for his wife, who had just passed on. He said she was a constant radio listener and when they had lived in Chicago always attended the church. I could not refuse him and we made all the arrangements. Sunday evening he was going with his nephew over to the mortuary to pick out her casket and, as they were driving, the nephew turned and looked at him, as he was seated in the front seat beside him, and his head was on his chest and he was dead. So today I conducted the funeral service for both Mr. and Mrs. Bixler, in a service which he had planned. It is experiences like these which challenge a pastor.

I do not assume the knowledge of the why and wherefore of much of life, as many ministers do. I am honest with myself and with people. I simply say "I do not know why some things should be." And I do not. I do know that it is rather difficult sometimes in the multiplicity of tragic experiences which come into a busy minister's life to explain the concept of a benign God. Merely to say, in resignation, "It is God's will," is not the answer and never was. Any concept of God which would make Him responsible for suffering and tragedy and heartache in the world is a concept of God which I cannot comprehend nor accept. The qualities of God which Dr. Frederick Temple, the great Archbishop of Canterbury, ascribed to Him, when he said "The qualities of God are infinite truth, infinite purpose, infinite beauty, infinite love, and infinite holiness," I have no difficulty in accepting. The idea of an anthropomorphic God grows less and less impressive to me as the years pass, and no theologian ever gave a better definition of God than the simple sentence "God is love."

Wednesday, May 3rd.

One of the most impressive young men in the whole field of radio and television communication in this country is Mr. Ward Quaal, the executive vice-president and general manager of Station WGN and WGN-TV, here in the city of Chicago. I have known Mr. Quaal throughout his entire radio career. Early in WGN's radio he conceived the idea of the program, "Your Right To Say It." He was the producer and announcer of the program and I was moderator of the program for an entire year. From that beginning until today he has distinguished himself by bringing a quality of leadership to radio and television I think unprecedented in this country and has made WGN and WGN-TV one of the stations which is demonstrating successfully the responsibility of communication. Mr. Quaal is as deeply sensitive to the responsibility of communication as any person I know in the industry.

Today I had a lengthy interview with him in the new studios of WGN here in Chicago. I was shown about the studio and was deeply impressed with the new building and its adequacy. Nothing I have seen in New York or Los Angeles surpasses in beauty and utility the new building at 2501 W. Bradley Place.

Last year WGN-TV televised, on two Sundays, the complete services of our church, as it did various other churches during the season. It may be that I will have a half hour program on WGN-TV when church begins in the fall. Mr. Quaal took down the date of our 50th Anniversary Service, which will be Sunday evening, April 29, 1962 and also our 50th Anniversary Banquet, which will be held Thursday evening, May 3rd, 1962. WGN-TV is going to televise both events.

I hope that you will mark down on your calendar these two dates now, and keep them. In spite of all which is obviously defective in radio and television, it was an encouraging experience for me to know that there are men with the vision, the idealism and yet the practical concept of radio and television.

Mr. Quaal has been honored nationally with awards and recognitions, each one of which is richly merited. As a pioneer in broadcasting, and I started when Mr. Quaal was a very small child, I know of no one man in the history of broadcasting who has brought to it a finer sense of responsibility than Ward Quaal, and I am honored to have him for a friend.

This evening Dr. John Reich, director of the Goodman Theatre, invited June and me to see the recital of the actor, Hal Holbrook, who gave his remarkable lecture recital and impression of Mark Twain. Being a great admirer of Mark Twain, this performance tonight intensified my appreciation and enlarged my concept of the personality of Mark Twain, and of the philosophy which came from his agile brain. As we said during the program, one could easily think they were in the actual presence of Mark Twain. Mr. Holbrook was made up in such a way that he projected the personality of the great philosopher and humorist. It was a most unusual and memorable evening and indicated the artistry and genius of Mr. Holbrook.

Thursday, May 4th.

The historian, Arnold J. Toynbee, has given us Volume 12 of his monumental work, "A Study of History." I haven't read it through yet, but I have read sufficiently in it to realize why he entitled this volume "Reconsideration." There are about 700 pages in the volume. So far I detect that Mr. Toynbee recognizes the many attacks made upon his studies by other scholars, and it is somewhat revealing that he accepts many of their criticisms as justified, while he also virtually confesses his own mistakes in some important conclusions and indicates his ignorance of some modern science and art. He writes in one paragraph that he is "acutely conscious of his neglect of the civilization in which I have been brought up and my neglect of Israel Judah, the Jews and Judaism," and also for his lack of knowledge of Southeast Asia, continental and insular. This is the kind of recognition or confession which establishes the desires of so great an historian as Toynbee to be fair and honorable in his interpretation of history. As Van Allen Bradley says in his review, "For all of his self-criticism, Mr. Toynbee emerges at the end of this gracious and open encounter with his critics as a firm moralist and believer in man's capacity to see God." "I believe," he writes, "faith is the summum bonum to which all creation groans and strains." I am looking forward to reading carefully the rest of the volume.

Friday, May 5th.

Well, the whole nation is stirred tonight. All day long radio and television have been carrying the story of the

pioneering flight of Commander Alan Shepard, Jr., the first American to enter and return from space. I watched this morning the actual takeoff and followed the coverage of his flight until I had to leave for a funeral at two o'clock and a wedding at five.

This afternoon I buried another old friend and well-known Chicagoan, Mr. Shelley Neltnor, a former Professor of Law and an old-time friend of mine. The Neltnor family have left their imprint upon the life of West Chicago and almost every lawyer in Chicago was acquainted with Shelley. Afterwards I was taken to visit the old home in which he was born, where his family lived and most of them died. This was an experience. In the yard of the home is the boulder commemorating the appearance of Abraham Lincoln and Senator Stephen Douglas, in one of their historic debates. I have never seen a home with more significant books, paintings and furniture. It is all indescribable. Solid mahogany four-poster beds, a library in which I would love to browse for days, beautiful and old glassware and china. I was presented with several beautiful old plates, four old books, two volumes of a rare edition of John Ruskin. I have never visited a more interesting and unusual home; a large, rambling house, set on a bluff in the middle of acres of trees. Now it is empty and the last head of the family to live in it and who was born in it, has been laid to rest.

Saturday, May 6th.

The major subject of conversation whenever you meet anyone these days is about the astronaut, Alan B. Shepard. Dr. Abraham Kaplan, the noted Jewish philosopher, said today that "one who discovers a law of nature is learning something of the mind of God;" and a German philosopher of another century, Emanual Kant, once said, "There are two things that fill me with awe—the starry heavens above and the moral law within." And "according to the Psalms of the Old Testament," said Dr. Kaplan, "the moral law is written into the starry heavens above and the glory and beauty of the cosmos is written into the face of nature." Dr. Kaplan is Professor of Philosophy at the University of California, and faculty member of the Los Angeles branch of the Hebrew Union College, and today he made this significant statement: "One who looks out on the world in this perspective can pursue science in a religious experience and scientific truth itself becomes the religious question." For months and possibly years the thinking people of the world will be considering religion in the light of how cosmology will affect religion.

Sunday, May 7th.

Had a good time this morning with my subject, "Outer Space and Inner Spirit." The comments were so many and insistent that it will be published in the Liberalist.

Monday, May 8th.

The Woman's Club held their Annual Spring Luncheon today and, but for the absence of the President, Mrs. Harry D. Stone, who was in her home town in Louisiana, helping her mother commemorate her 80th birthday, a fine spirit of fellowship and interest prevailed throughout the luncheon. The luncheon was held at Holiday Lodge, at the end of the street on Lawrence Avenue, not far from the church. Many of the older members were able to attend who probably could not have done so had it been held further from the neighborhood. I have never missed one of these Spring Luncheons through the years and they are always a nostalgic experience for me.

Mrs. Evert Hallberg, second vice-president, presided in Mrs. Stone's absence, and did it with poise and graciousness. Four former presidents of the club were present: Mrs. Fred Pape, Mrs. Wyllys W. Hagen, Mrs. A. S. Kredler and Mrs. James Coughlin. Each was introduced and received a gracious welcome. I have often thought that it is an indication of one's real interest in a society, church or organization when, after being president, one still continues to work and evidence interest. The Woman's Club of our church is fortunate in this particular.

After a fine musical program I closed the luncheon with a talk outlining our plans for the 50th Anniversary year which is just before us.

Tuesday, May 9th.

A sad funeral today, for we laid to rest, after a beautiful service in the church at which a large congregation was present, Mrs. Rose Baer, who has been a loyal friend and much loved worker in the church for years. The family has had a difficult time. Her husband, John, had both legs amputated and before Rose's death she had to have one leg amputated. It was one of the most tragic situations I have ever known in a family. The mother, Mrs. Ann Schweizer, is 80 and has carried on through it all with strength and love. I buried Mr. Schweizer many years ago, and also two of their sons, and now Mrs. Schweizer is left alone with John. It was one of the most difficult funeral services I have ever held, but Rose leaves a beautiful memory in the hearts of all who knew her. Her mother is one of the most remarkable and unusual women I have ever known. She is bearing her responsibility and her heartache with dignity, patience and fortitude.

Wednesday, May 10th.

This afternoon I made a recording for the Businessmen's Record Club at the United Film and Recording Studios, and fortunately a retake was unnecessary. It is a long-playing thirty-minute record in which Mr. Arwin Schweig, Chicago's finest bass vocalist, presented an opening solo, accompanied by Mrs. Cathryn Bennett. This long-playing record goes out all over the United States, under the auspices of the Businessmen's Record Club, and will be available as well at the church, on July 1st. The President of the United States Chamber of Commerce has made a previous record and the next one will be made by Mr. Richard M. Nixon, former Vice President of the United States. I am looking forward to hearing my record myself and I hope you will be able to hear it.

This evening I gave the address before the annual meeting of the Evanston Welfare Council, which is a very active and important organization. A cross-section of Evanston professional, business and cultural life attended, and I enjoyed the evening.

Mr. Ward K. Schori of the nationally known Schori Press was in the audience and afterwards invited me to visit his home and his famous press. He has produced some of the finest examples of fine printing I have ever seen and, being a printer by trade, having started in a country printing office when I was fourteen, I was most interested. On leaving he presented me with a copy of his latest work, "Lincoln, the Literary Genius," by Jacques Barzun, one of the most exquisite books I have ever held in my hand. The typography, it seems to me, could not be more beautiful. And thus my days are filled with interesting things in this busy life.

Keep looking up!

GOLDEN JUBILEE BAZAAR!

Do you realize that our Fall Bazaar is going to be very special? The Peoples Church has held a Bazaar every year of its life—50 years —and this will be that special 50th Anniversary Bazaar!

Thankful for the years that each of us has been blessed by the ministry of our Church, and for the privilege of working in it.

Let us express our gratitude in overflowing measure at this year's Annual Bazaar. Think and plan what you can do to contribute to it.

When on vacation this summer remember your bazaar and make or buy something extra for the bazaar—the women may buy or make aprons, pillow slips, fancy goods of all kinds. The men may think of the Men's Booth and buy ties, men's wear and accessories. See the manager of your favorite store and ask his support for his neighborhood bazaar.

If traveling this summer, when buying your precious souvenirs, buy something extra for the bazaar.

Sure! It's vacation time.

But when the wind is blowing through your hair and the sun is warming your back,

GIVE A THOUGHT TO YOUR BAZAAR!

NOVEMBER 16 and 17.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

MANY of my readers will remember the distinguished actor, E. H. Sothern, who came into the world of the theatre just at the close of the great career of Edwin Booth, and his immortal Hamlet. Sothern said "I am going to play Hamlet." He was ridiculed and the critics said, "Why, Mr. Sothern, are you going to play Hamlet with the memory of the greatest Hamlet of all time still in the minds of the American people?" And Sothern replied: "I know I can never play Hamlet as Edwin Booth played him, that I know; I know I can never be another Booth; but may I ask you a question? Please tell me what would have happened to Shakespeare and to Hamlet, if no one had ever tried?" If we are going to make any progress in any direction, we have to start from just where we are and try what we can do. What if no one ever tried? And no one, at any time, anywhere, is a complete failure until he admits it himself.

What is preventing you from a fine fruition and realization of life? Do you not want to pay the price? Do you want a magic formula? Are you deceiving yourself? Not seeing life in terms of totality and wholeness? Are you governed by your prejudices? Inspired by your passions? Are you going through life with a twisted sense of values? Do you always think that somebody else is to blame and that society is in conspiracy against you?

Here are a few simple suggestions for gaining happiness and overcoming the things that hinder a right adjustment with life:

First: Know yourself thoroughly.

Second: Be yourself.

Third: Believe in yourself.

Fourth: Believe in others.

You cannot be happy and at ease without having confidence in yourself and in others. Everyone has within himself an undefeatable something. Life was made, created, designed, to be a victorious experience. The great creative intelligence which is behind the entire objective of our modern world knew just what he was doing when he whispered your soul into reality.

"DO YOU HAVE PEOPLEITIS?"

Sermon by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

April 30, 1961

I DON'T want to claim any originality for my subject: DO YOU HAVE PEOPLEITIS? It is not original with me. There came to my desk the other day a magazine which I had never seen before called THESE TIMES. This magazine is published in Nashville, Tennessee. I opened the magazine and the first thing that stared at me was this question: "Have You Peopleitis?" Well now, being a minister of the Peoples Church that peopleitis business attracted my attention right off. I thought, well before I read the article, perhaps I have, but I thought I should read the article and after reading it I came to the conclusion that I did have "peopleitis" but that I wasn't alone in it—that almost everyone I knew had the disease! Peopleitis! And as the author of the article developed an idea in which I had to separate company with him (I couldn't go with him all the way) nevertheless he stimulated me into one or two ideas about this peopleitis business that I thought might, to our advantage, creep into a sermon on the very idea.

Each individual these days is engaged not in one war or controversy, but is engaged in two! Each one of us is fighting a dual-battle! First of all we have this great big outside world in which we live, a world in which almost every hour something portentous happens somewhere in the world, a world in which we know what is happening while it's happening and through television we see the personalities who are involved! We are participating in contemporary events of this great big world outside of us, a world of such confusion, disturbance, upheaval, uncertainty, insecurity, that the thoughtful person cannot help but give great consideration to the ultimate of it all, and I think most people are asking themselves quite frequently: "How is it going to end? What's going to be the end of all this?" These various personalities that come and go upon the stage of the world's action; the great power of propaganda; the great appeal which those who would destroy liberty and freedom are making to the non-committed nations of the world; the three hundred million people who go to bed every night hungry, if they have a bed; the ever-increasing complication of the problem of refugees! I don't need to recite in any detail at all this outside world that you and I, as people, are living in! It's with us twenty-four hours of the day! It's all a part of us and none can escape it! That's one conflict that every individual has: he has to face the problems of the world he's in—the external problems!

Then there is the other conflict and the other war, and that is the war going on inside ourselves, the war that you and I must wage as an individual, with an individual name! We are designated, our personalities are designated in society by a name that we bear and we have to live with that. That is our identification in the society in which we move. And that inner conflict is a constant struggle, a constant battle! Two wars we're fighting all the time: the influence of the external affairs of the world upon us, and the influence of the inner conflicts that you and I are engaged in every twenty-

four hours of life! And constantly surrounded by people! People everywhere! People all the time! We leave our homes in the morning to get on a crowded bus or a crowded elevated train—people! We get into a crowded elevator! We go into an office that is crowded with people and activity and details and plans! We come home at night—people! Most people tune in their television sets and there are more people! We never escape from people! We're never free from people! It is the constant and continuing experience of every individual and, unless we are careful we catch this disease of "peopleitis", of the constant intimacy of people! The automobile driver, the person who rides in the car, completely surrounded by the influence of people: other drivers and other people in the car! This great challenge of people—and what's it doing to us? What is it doing to our sense of equilibrium? What is it doing to our concept of spiritual values? What is this constant, overbearing tyranny of people? What is it doing to us as a people, this disease of "peopleitis"? Increasing every hour congestion in society: people! Tall, high buildings in which hundreds live under one roof; up there there are people, down below there are people; people here people there; hundreds using the same elevator, hundreds unlocking their doors—people! Go in to have dinner or dine—people! People! People everywhere—until a person has to learn how to build a resistance to this horrifying influence which crushes the emotional stability of people so that increasingly people panic!

I have never known the time in rather a long lifetime when people were more sensitive than they are today; when they were more critical than they are today; when they sat in judgment more than they do today; when people were more touchy than they are today! I've never known the time when people were more sensitive than they are today! You can be quite innocent and yet you can crush people these days with merely a look or a shrug of your shoulder! You hurt people! People are more easily hurt today than I've ever known them to be in my lifetime! People are more psychically upset! The psychiatrists' offices, the psychologists' offices, the counselors' offices are simply crowded, all of them, crowded with people, and these people are the victims of all this highly congested situation that exists in our modern society and particularly in urban society, we people who live in highly congested districts!

Now, of course, the result of all this is that it brings to you and to me a challenge which I am wondering if we are going to be able to cope with, or whether we are going to continue this frightful, frightful way that results in nervous and mental breakdowns which are increasing every twenty-four hours of time! If we had ten times the amount of institutional space that we now have in our already-existing institutions, to take care of people who have become so emotionally unstable that they are no longer in control, we couldn't accommodate those people who need help today in the realm of psychical disturbance. We couldn't accommodate them! Most everyone is experiencing this challenge! Now, to me, there is one answer: not that I would decry or destroy much of this complexity of this centralization—it cannot be avoided, it is a part of something we call "progress," if that's what it is! But you and I must live in it, we're a part of it, and if we're not going to succumb, as thousands are, to this breaking up and splitting of

our inner personalities (which are our real selves) then I think the one great remedy in this disease of "peopleitis", the one great remedy and, I think, the one permanent remedy is learning how to find a little time, fifteen minutes, thirty minutes, somewhere, every day, to be alone! Being alone is something that Americans find very difficult! We don't like to be alone; we don't like the solitude! We're afraid of the quiet. We sometimes seem to be afraid of ourselves, so the moment we enter a room we turn on a television or we turn on a radio or we run for a telephone! We don't like to be undisturbed in this loneliness of fear. The great John D. Rockefeller paid a man $25,000 a year to think up ideas for him, and the man accepted the fee only if he could be in an office absolutely alone! He would not even permit a telephone! And yet most of us every day of our lives, are so surfeited with demands, engagements, confusions, all of this challenge, that we've lost the inner strength, the inner glow! The Master gave us the great truth: in the most difficult and severe hour of His whole life, when He knew He was facing the agony and the suffering of that lonely tree on a wind-swept hill called Golgatha, He said to those whom He loved best and worked the longest with: "Please leave Me alone for a few minutes. I want to go into the Garden alone. You stay here and rest awhile." And if the great Prince of Men's Souls needed the refreshment of being alone, how much more do we need the constructive, creative hours of being alone!

Now infinite love, give courage and opportunity to every twisted soul in turmoil and everyone who is laboring in this terrific warfare of our contemporary world, not only the big wars in the world outside, but give us the strength and the courage to build the defense of the spirit in the world inside! May peace be upon you; the quietude of a fine mind; the nobility of a purified heart be your strength! May you hear in the silence of your loneliness the voice of eternal strength!

"LEST WE FORGET"

Sermon by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
May 28, 1961

THIS morning, in the time which is at my disposal to speak to you on this important day, I am going to read a brief editorial. Those of you who read the Chicago Daily News probably read the editorials by Mr. John Justin Smith. Mr. John Justin Smith is one of the ablest editorialists in American journalism. I have never met him. I knew his father, Henry Justin Smith, who was a great Chicago newspaperman. Mr. John Justin Smith is a young man of great vision and I read his editorials every day of my life in the Chicago Daily News. I did not ask the permission of the Chicago Daily News; I did not ask Mr. Smith's permission to read this article or to put it on the air. I sincerely trust that both the Chicago Daily News and Mr. John Justin Smith, (who wrote the words I am about to read) will understand the motive for my reading them. Here's the editorial which was printed just a day or two ago: "A week from tomorrow is Memorial Day. What are your plans? A picnic? Plant grass? Just loaf? Go to a baseball game?

These are fine. But I wonder if the time hasn't come for a return to the true spirit of Memorial Day. What is that spirit? You find the answer in two places—Gen. John A. Logan's general order No. 11, and in memories of other Memorial Days when America shed red, white and blue tears. Let's start with Gen. Logan. He began it all with his general order, in which he said, among other things: The 30th day of May. . . is designated for the purpose of strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country. . . . We shall guard their graves with sacred vigilance. . . Let no wanton foot tread rudely on such hallowed ground. . . Let us then, at the appointed time, gather round their sacred remains and garland the passionless mounds above them with the choicest flowers of springtime; let us raise above them the dear old flag they saved from dishoner. . . . This is what Gen. Logan, a salty soul, said in 1868. The words kicked off several generations of Memorial Day patriotism. And somehow the patriotism made hot on May 30 retained its warmth all year round. Logan's words drifted down through generations. They echoed on stern spring breezes a generation ago on the Far South Side." Then he describes an old Memorial Day that took place with the parades on Longwood Drive about 110th Street: "Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, American Legion men, high school ROTC kids; their women's auxiliaries and an organization of veterans of the Spanish-American War. Then, most wondrous of all, a soldier in a soup-bowl helmet of World War I played "Taps" on a hillside and below the hill the music echoed in an apparent miracle. (Later I saw the other bugler hidden in the bushes.) The cars filled with flowers moved to cemeteries where soldiers' graves were, for a day at least, decorated. (Wet-eyed, I went home.) What became of such Memorial Days?

"We still have them. . . but not everybody gets into the act. In some places, children don't even get the day off from school. Almost nowhere is a concerted effort made to get a big turnout for the ceremonies. Maybe this is the year when we should return to the old ceremonies, the old red, white and blue tears. Maybe this is the year when we should go back to waving the flag. There's nothing wrong with that flag. It has served us well. Don't be ashamed to wave it."

There are one hundred and seventy-seven thousand soldier and sailor dead buried in one hundred and twelve cemeteries in the Chicago area! One hundred and seventy-seven thousand! Ten million dead! Twenty million dead! World War I; World War II; Spanish-American; Korea!

My dear friends, in this solemn moment of this Memorial Sunday, a Sunday which will be neglected and forgotten by millions, in this solemn moment these dead seem to have died for nothing! Wouldn't you think, wouldn't you think that the leaders and diplomats of the world, wouldn't you just think, in the light of the past of the world, that they would have no other business more important than trying with all their brains, with all their spirit, with all their nations, wouldn't you think they would have nothing else more important than sitting down and trying to make a world of peace! What's more important? Here we are, coming to an hour which may decide the destiny of civilization! Tell that, Mr. Kennedy, to Mr. Khrushchev this week! Put the responsibility where it belongs! The destiny of civilization is involved! How are we

going to sit down and discuss the problem of Africa, with the record, the record of Little Rock, and Alabama, and Mississippi? What have we got to talk about? No wonder the world is pointing its fingers at America today at the lowest ebb of our world influence in my lifetime—the lowest prestige of my country in my lifetime is today! And no wonder when they point their finger at us, and we sit down with Africa, are they not justified in saying to us: "Go home and clean up your own backyard first before you try to settle the problems of the world! What about your minority groups? The hate groups?" What are you going to say to those who are disillusioned with the tyranny of autocracy, when on the front pages of every Communist newspaper published in America, published in Europe and in Russia is the headline: *NAZISM RIDES AGAIN!,* and a bus crosses through the heart of our country with a sign on it that says: HATE BUS! Do you wonder? I don't! America, get on your knees, get straightened out with your hates! It's late! Very late!

BOOK CHATS

IT seems to me during the summer months it is well to mention a great variety of books, as suggestions for reading. Many people have more time for reading when on vacation than they have all year 'round. First, I will speak of *The Prime Minister's Wife,* published by Doubleday, a fascinating novel about Mary Anne, the milliner who married Disraeli. I still remember a movie of the life of Disraeli, which makes me want to read this book. Written by Doris Leslie, a prolific and popular British writer. Among other books she wrote are *Full Flavor, Fair Company* and *Concord in Jeopardy.* Mary Anne was somewhat unpolished. "The Lord helps those," said she, "who helps theirselves." She was beautiful, intelligent, and wholly endearing. She rose from the owner of a millinery shop to become the wife of the great and colorful Benjamin Disraeli, the Prime Minister of Great Britain. Doris Leslie draws the unforgettable character of this remarkable woman with true charm and a highly individual style. Mary Anne first married the older, wealthy Wyndham Lewis, from Wales. Through her efforts he won a seat in the House of Commons. She then began to establish her first foothold in London society and became more popular with the men than with the women. She and her husband met the elegant and spectacular "Dizzy" at a fashionable London party. Later Wyndham and he ran on the same ticket for Parliament and there was a close association of the three. After Wyndham's death Mary Ann and Disraeli married. Waterloo, Sebastopol, the Victoria Cross, Tennyson's immortal four hundred—Queen Victoria and her Prince Consort, Gladstone, Bulwer-Lytton—all these and many more walk through the political and social scenes, equally alive on the floor of Parliament, at a palace banquet, or alone in the quiet of their studies.

The author gives a fluent portrayal of a charming woman, who had at her feet one of the most attractive, influential and accomplished men in all of England. I've only glanced here and

there through the book but I know I shall be taking it with me on my vacation and will love every minute of my reading of it.

Now for one which the men might like to read while on vacation, for there would certainly be excitement and adventure in it: *Thieves' Road,* by René Sussan, an exciting novel set in modern Israel. The author was born in Algiers in 1925, and after taking his B.A. in philosophy, emigrated to Israel, where he lived for several years in various kibbutzim in the Negev. He settled in Paris in 1952, where he is currently living with his wife and daughter. This book has been translated from the French by Richard Howard.

In 1951 the collective farms, or kibbutzim, of the Negev resembled American frontier towns of a hundred years before. They were in constant danger of attack—by maruading displaced Arabs supplied with arms by the Egyptians and encouraged to make frequent, deadly raids on the border settlements. The settlers themselves were of varied backgrounds and nationalities united only in their allegiance to the new state, and had buried their past to look toward the future, to the homes and productive lands they were creating from a wilderness.

The kibbutznik lived in close proximity to each other and to the dangerous frontier, and their lives were intensified and more than usually involved, for small incidents which might pass unnoticed in ordinary society were sufficient here to blow an emotional fuse, disrupting the entire kibbutz.

Felix Cohen (re-named "Gad") came into this highly charged atmosphere. He was a French Jew who had chosen the dangerous border kibbutz Givat-Tsohar for his first experience in communal living. He had been renamed in the kibbutz. He received a mixed welcome, for some of the more dedicated members, led by the aloof, intellectual Yehoshua, questioned his fitness for the difficult life and his motives in choosing it, while others received him as an "extra hand" who was willing to work in so perilous a region.

Almost before he had settled into the routine of the kibbutz, Gad was bombarded with questions as to his possible relationship to another French Jew, Mikhail Cohen, an idealist and pacifist who had been killed by an Arab bullet only four months before, and who had already become a legendary—and controversial—figure in Givat-Tsohar. As the days passed, Gad found himself increasingly enmeshed in the enigma of the dead Mikhail and the mounting tensions within the kibbutz—tensions which hold the reader spellbound until the final, shocking climax on the Gaza Road. It is an intense dramatic novel of suspense, violence, and deep psychological insight, set in a world of explosive conditions and equally explosive emotions. This book also is published by Doubleday.

* * *

I *never* used to look at the back of a book before I read it. I always started in with the first word and plodded on through, no matter what kind of a book it was or whether I was particularly interested in the subject matter. I was just that methodical. I picked up the book *If A Man Answers* by Winifred Wolfe, written by the author of *Ask Any Girl,* and I thought "What a pretty girl she is." Winifred Wolfe was pictured on the back cover. I read that she was born in Boston, of a Boston mother and an Irish father, which makes her half Gaelic, not Gallic; that her highly successful career as a writer for radio and magazines

reached a new peak when her first novel, *Ask Any Girl,* was made into a smash Hollywood vehicle for Shirley MacLaine. This later book, *If A Man Answers,* published by Doubleday, has been purchased by Universal Pictures.

I opened the book three-quarters of the way through and simply had to finish the last part of it. I deeply regretted not having read the first part first, but that book too, I shall take with me on my vacation. I know it is light and amusing, all about falling in love. Then too, the fact that Chantal Stacey, the heroine, is half French makes me sure it will be an enjoyable story. It is light, entertaining, amusing, with plenty of complications. Like many a French girl, though she is "an attractive little dish of creme au caramel"—there is a bit of boiled potato about her also, which helps to keep her feet on the ground. Not only is she good looking, but she knows how to cook. Her grandmother is a true Boston aristocrat, who adores her granddaughter, and deplores the idea of any New York upstart marrying into the family. Her father is a Bostonian also, with an impeccable background, but he had the good sense to marry her mother, who is French. The book is only $3.95, which is modest for book prices nowadays, and it would make a pleasant gift for a bride. And there is some wonderful advice in it on how to hold a husband and have a happy marriage; but don't let the husband get hold of it, or all may be lost.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

IN some little magazine recently I read of a woman who was crossing off the days of the month on her calendar. Her little son said "Why are you making crosses on the days, mother?" She said, "I am crossing off the days until your little sister arrives." And the little boy replied: "Well, Mrs. Stevens next door crosses off the days on her calendar too." "That's strange," thought the mother. "It must be for a different reason," she thought for she knew Mrs. Stevens was 75 years old. "Do you know what she crossed them off for?" "Yes," said the boy, "she says she's crossing them off, counting the days till she dies." That settled it for the mother. She stopped crossing off the days on her calendar. Why do we all wait for some big event and act as though all the days in between counted for naught? So this woman began to find something she could make count on each day. When Johnny said he couldn't wait till Hallowe'en came, his mother decided to make that very day important, so she said: "Do you know what today is?" "No," said Johnny, "what is it?" "Why," she replied, "this is buy-the-pumpkin day and make-a-face day." All excited Johnny told his brother about it and off they went to the big market to buy the pumpkin and make a face in it. Suddenly the day had meaning.

All last week many discouraging, vexing things happened with the electrical equipment in my home. My life was cluttered up all week. Then one

night the telephone rang. Not feeling up to par and having retired early I thought I wouldn't answer it. In half an hour it rang again, so I got up and answered the phone. The loveliest thing happened right then and there, in the midst of that vexing week. A member of the Sunday Arts Club to which I belong, said the Board wanted to buy one of my paintings as a gift to the retiring president of the club. We settled on the details and in a day or two the committee came and made their selection. Then one other day I found a ring I was sure I had lost. So, after all, the week turned out to be a pretty nice week, what with found-the-ring-day and sold-the-painting-day. It all depends on what we highlight, and whether we make a big event of the pleasant things that happen. We might as well make much of the little pleasantnesses, for what if tomorrow we weren't going to be here at all. It's a shame to let any day go to waste as just a day of waiting for a bigger day. Tonight I'm going over to get two summer dresses that I have had altered. They have hung in the closet for weeks and weeks and it's been impossible to wear them because they needed altering. Well, hurrah! Now they are going to be ready for wearing. That offsets the nuisance of going over in the rain to get them. Why not wear rose-colored glasses and enjoy life more by looking through them. Dark glasses make the day so uninteresting.

Then came Memorial Day week-end, and the weather was nice; sunny and cool. I had an invitation to the summer cottage of Baroness Violet B. Wenner, my art teacher, who charmed us all with her interesting talk at our Annual Art Exhibit just passed. A friend of hers from Rhode Island, Donna Babcock, drove us out on Saturday afternoon. The cottage is in Lotus Woods on Chain o' Lakes, between Grass Lake and Fox Lake, near the Wisconsin border. It is in the midst of a woods of very tall oak trees, with the quiet and peace of the country-side surroundings, the lake just far enough away that the noise of the "put-puts" didn't reach us.

There was a robin's nest above our heads at the side of the front door, atop a post, and either Ma Robin or Pa flew off the nest as we approached, but only as far as the nearest tree limb.

The comfortable, commodious cottage looked very inviting and the room to which I was assigned looked out on a lovely forest toward the east and also northward. We had two dogs with us, one named "Peanuts," the toy poodle belonging to the Baroness, and the other "Tuffy," a cocker spaniel belonging to Donna Babcock. Tuffy occupied the back seat of the car going out, while we three women and Peanuts rode in front. Tuffy showed immediate interest in my colorful Mexican tall and narrow basket in which my light luggage was packed. Having sniffed and nudged around with his nose until quite satisfied, he then decided it was an ideal sleeping couch, which he proceeded to enjoy to the full. Peanuts being so tiny, she was just tucked in anywhere among us because, though she had met Tuffy before, it wasn't certain how good a memory she had and we thought best for them to meet each other at closer range after we arrived at the cottage.

Though the weather was quite cool, we were most comfortable, for an oil stove heated the entire six rooms without the need of the extra gas heaters.

After a good night's sleep, the smell of the bacon frying and the sound of the eggs popping were very welcome to all of us and we did full justice to our breakfast, as we looked out with

gratitude from the dining room windows onto a sun-drenched yard and the trees beyond. Papa Robin flew around the house and looked in on us from a nearby limb, and all was right with the world as we found ourselves far from the busy city life.

Sunday there was some raking of leaves which we all enjoyed, then we three tackled dismantling the north porch from its winter protection of glass screening. Violet had done a very firm job of nailing this screening up with strips of wood on every edge. We were soon making as much noise as though we were building a house, and as we were right under the nose of the robin I did feel sorry for both the little ones and for Ma and Pa. Then I began to wonder. I had seen only one adult robin and had not had a look into the nest, nor had I seen hungry beaks opened to receive food. From my position on the top step of a low ladder, I peeked in and sure enough, an enormous mouth opened and two more began to spread their beaks. Open beaks was about all one could see, as the adult robin appeared with some worms. I hadn't seen a robin sitting on the nest since I came. If this was Ma Robin feeding them, then where was Pa? This was worth considering. I got so concerned about the matter that I was about ready to go to court over the issue. Had Pa Robin deserted his little family? I don't know much about the habits of robins. However, Sunday night was quite cold and when Donna went walking with Tuffy she returned to report that the mother robin was keeping the babies warm and that she had seen father robin in a nearby tree. I felt much better to have the matter satisfactorily settled.

The Baroness cooked a most delicious chicken dinner, with all the know-how of a French chef. The Drake Hotel couldn't have competed with her.

Joy and sorrow are so close together, it is said, and we came upon tragedy late in the afternoon. We went to put the wood in the shed at the back of the house—wood which we had taken from the porch screening. As I opened the little door of the shed, jammed in between a pile of wood and the left door jamb was a great big, beautiful cat—someone's pet without a doubt. Donna didn't even want to look when she heard it, and our hostess looked so distressed that, though I felt very sad for poor kitty, I steeled myself to the occasion and said: "I'll dig a hole and bury her, Violet." Then Violet came and helped me. It was a very large cat and the ground was a bit hard, so it was well the Baroness had on hand the proper tools. The cat had evidently gotten under the house and into the shed and then must have slid off the top of the woodpile into a tight spot from which she couldn't extricate herself. So we had tragedy and a funeral on Sunday afternoon.

Peanuts wasn't very nice to Tuffy until Sunday. All Saturday evening she chose the best spots for her own comfort, seated beside one or the other of us in the living room, and whenever Tuffy would come to her and seek to get acquainted, I must tell you that Peanuts spit at him just like an outraged kitten. Tuffy took it like a gentleman and finally, after several disappointing tries, beat a dignified retreat and watched us all from the center of the nearest doorway. Finally on Sunday Peanuts must have remembered that Tuffy was really a good friend of hers, for she followed him around in a companionable and ladylike manner, though she still paid as little attention to him as possible, merely suffering him to be there, but definitely not overly interested.

We went visiting toward evening and came home with our arms full of lilacs.

Donna had an appointment for Monday afternoon, so we came in on Monday, arriving home at noontime.

Dr. Bradley was in Piney Woods, Mississippi, giving a commencement address at Dr. Laurence C. Jones' beautiful Piney Woods School, so I had arranged to take Monday as my vacation day instead of Tuesday, the real Memorial Day, and I worked on Tuesday, since Dr. Bradley came home that morning early and had much to do at his Study desk all day long until he left for Minnesota at night.

It had been a great treat to get out into the country and smell the good springtime air of God's outdoors, and I am very grateful to Baroness Wenner for the opportunity she afforded me.

* * *

The following letter is on stationery of the Chicago Press Veterans Association and comes from a member of their Board of Directors:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

As a memento of the misty past am enclosing a sketch I made of your old friend, Opie Read, at the old Press Club.

I remember well when you used to come in and visit with him and his cronies, Judge Frank Comerford, Col. William Lightfoot Vischer, William D. Eaton, Clarence Darrow, Bill Nye, Raymond Hitchcock, Dave Clarkson and many others, at some of his story fests.

Just happened to be visiting with my old college fraternity brother, Arch Jackson, and he mentioned that he had had the pleasure of having dinner with you recently.

I know that you are tremendously busy, but Philo and Les Read and myself would like you to have lunch with us if you can find the available time.

Cordially yours,
Lew Merrell.

* * *

From the King-Bruwaert House at Hinsdale came a letter:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Some time ago I sent you a little poem about fishing which you said you liked. I'm now enclosing something about friendship. I'm sure you will like this also.

I'm now residing in this beautiful Home for young ladies of eighty and thereabouts. So many draw strength and comfort from your sermons.

God bless you and give you the health and strength to carry on for many years to come.

Cordially,
Lola Harney.

This is Lola Harney's enclosure on "The Essence of Friendship," by George Eliot:

Oh, the comfort, the inexpressible comfort of feeling safe with a person; having neither to weigh thoughts nor measure words, but to pour them all out, just as they are, chaff and grain together, knowing that a faithful hand will take and sift them, keep what is worth keeping, and then, with a breath of kindness, blow the rest away.

* * *

This one is from a "single tax" man and a naprapath:

My dear Dr. Bradley:

Your "unprepared" address to our Naprapathic graduation assembly is sincerely appreciated. This goes for one of your auditors, seated in the sideways row to your right, whom your eyes seemed occasionally to penetrate. On the other hand I was content with the assembly: no one dropped a pin;

none coughed! Your witticisms delighted us.

Glad you still believe in the multiplication table — freedom, that is. Thank you kindly.

Truly yours,
George T. Tideman.

* * *

From La Jolla, California, an old friend of Dr. Bradley writes:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I was interested in your remarks about Dr. Tom Dooley being the son of a rich man, and your observation that "we're beginning to get over this idea in America that possessing money is something that interferes with character development."

I agree with you that the *possession* of riches does not interfere with character development, as witnessed by many men such as Dr. Tom Dooley, Thomas Jefferson, Franklin Roosevelt, President Kennedy, Nelson Rockefeller and a host of others. But I want to call your attention to the fact that these men did not accumulate their money: it was made by their fathers or perhaps their ancestors.

My observation has been that it is the intense devotion to *acquiring* material gain and the *building* of a fortune that tends to destroy character development. Money to the man who struggled to acquire it and makes the sacrifice necessary to accumulate it is an entirely different thing than it is to the one who has been handed it on a "silver platter."

Don't you think you should make this point clear to your many listeners? I fear if you don't you have eased the conscience of many a man who needs, instead, a rude awakening.

I wanted so much to come to Chicago and see you when I was in Milwaukee last October but feared your busy schedule might not permit a visit.

Prentice-Hall are publishing my second book which will be titled *Partners in Production—A New Role for Management and Labor*. It will be out this summer sometime.

My kindest regards and best wishes always.

Sincerely,
H. L. Nunn.

Mr. Nunn is the retired head of the Nunn-Busch Shoe Company, and when he lived in Milwaukee Dr. Bradley used to have a visit with him quite frequently. There was an unusually fine relatonship between Mr. Nunn and his employes, and his books on employee-labor relations are well worth reading.

* * *

There follows a letter from the very fine president of the Edgemere Woman's Club. She is also a frequent visitor to the Woman's Club of our church and a member of the Sunday Arts Club which now meets in the Peoples Church.

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I want to personally thank you for your very fine inspiring talk before the Edgemere Club on Tuesday. It was exactly what we wanted for this, our Annual Meeting.

I deeply appreciate your coming to the Edgemere Club and feel our day was perfect because of your impressive talk.

Sincerely yours,
Winifred Evans (Mrs. Walter).

* * *

An old friend writes from Hamburg, Germany:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

May I add my voice to those who write you telling you of the pleasure the Liberalist gives them. Right after receiving it I dropped my work, made myself a cup of coffee, read the magazine from cover to cover, read of your activities, the places you have been,

some of them familiar to me, some of the names awakening memories, like Anderson Hall, Franklin McCormick. It is a little like coming home; but one can be in one place only and that place for me is Hamburg, Germany, from where I send greetings to all of you.

Here we have Professor Helmut Thieliche, Rector of the Hamburg University. No doubt you have heard his name, which is as well known as that of Martin Niemoller.

Prof. Thieliche's sermons are a little, or may I say a lot like yours, only played on a different key. He speaks about once a month during the winter months in the Michaelis Church which, when he speaks is filled to overflowing. The service begins at 10 o'clock here. The doors open at 9 o'clock, where people are anxiously waiting for them to open. One has to leave home early, but it always gives one a lift and makes life a great deal richer, especially when one encounters much tragedy among the older people here, due to the wars.

I am 75 years old, lived in the States 48 years, came back five years ago to Hamburg, my home town, and feel it was the right thing and the right time. Life is kind to me. I am very active and help, whenever I can, and spread the American trend of kindness, helpfulness and friendliness.

Kindest regards to everyone.

Dora V. Georgie.

* * *

Many of our readers will no doubt remember the Boyntons, who built the lovely chapel in the North Woods.

Dear Doctor and Mrs. Bradley:

Just a note to thank you both for last night's joyful, friendly meeting of the Friends of Literature.

Each meeting is unique and for my husband and me, each one has a special significance, for we live again our own experience of May 8th, 1954, when you and Hazel Ferguson and Dr. Bowman did something for our chapel that was as important to us as the carving and painting and thought and prayers that we had put into it. What Dr. Bowman said that memorable night resulted in a beautiful friendship that has blessed us and the chapel ever since. He still lives in the hearts of all who knew and loved him.

Mr. Boynton and I hated to leave without speaking to you, but you were surrounded, as always, with well-wishers and we had a long drive home.

Some day this summer we hope our phone will ring at Bailey's Harbor, Wisconsin, and it will be *you,* saying you were near enough to drop over for a short visit.

With all good wishes.

Sincerely,

Winifred C. Boynton.

* * *

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

WEDDINGS

5—Marguerite Bishop and Mike Valenteyus
14—Mary Jo Lingenselter and Dennis Dean
20—Elizabeth Richter and Jimmie Witherell
20—Mrs. Helen Hathaway and Adolph Majka
27—Aurella Rasmussen and Franklin J. Bergenthal
28—Mary Southgate and John Moertel
29—Sherl K. Stern and John E. Coleman

CHRISTENINGS

14—Elizabeth Ann Frederick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Frederick
Daniel Edward Vaughn, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gary Vaughn
21—Brian Scott Hoffman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Hoffman
Daryl Lyne Walmsley, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Jas. Walmsley
21—Michael Gage Walmsley, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Walmsley
Vanessa Ann McCullough, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar McCullough
Suzy Riccardo, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ric Riccardo

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

MAY, 1961

1—Broadcast, WFMF-FM.
Three funerals
Sick calls

2—Broadcast, WFMF-FM
Double Funeral

3—Broadcast, WFMF-FM
Conference, WGN
Cut five programs, WCFL
Goodman Theatre

4—Broadcast, WFMF-FM
Cut 11 tapes for WFMF

5—Broadcast, WFMF-FM
Funeral
Wedding
Watched first space-man leave our land

6—Worked in Study

7—WLS. WCFL
Morning sermon, Peoples Church
Dedicated Good Shepherd Community Church

8—Funeral
Broadcast, WFMF-FM
Address, Spring Luncheon, Womans Club, Peoples Church

9—Funeral
Broadcast WFMF-FM
Sick calls

10—Broadcast, WFMF-FM
Cut Record for Business Men's Record Club
Address, Annual Meeting, Evanston Welfare Council, Evanston, Ill.
Visited Ward K. Schori Press

11—Broadcast, WFMF-FM
Worked in Study

12—Broadcast WFMF-FM
Funeral
Dinner (Mrs. Hopkins, Dr. John Reich and others) and
Goodman Theatre

13—Address, Westminster Presbyterian Church Dinner

14—WLS, WCFL
Morning Sermon, Peoples Church
Two christenings
Wedding
Address, Ravenswood Masonic Temple. Ascension Sunday

15—Dedicated new training station for Fire Dept. 558 W. DeKoven
Funeral
Dinner, Chicago Fire Dept.
Broadcast, WFMF-FM

16—Broadcast WFMF-FM
Funeral
Appointment, Judge Celella
Address, Graeme Stewart PTA

17—Broadcast, WFMF-FM
Cut records WFMF

18—Broadcast, WFMF-FM
Worked in Study
Left for Ft. Wayne, Ind

19—Broadcast, WFMF-FM
Worked in Study
Commencement address, Eel River-Perry Consol. School, Huntertown, Ind.

20—Weddings (Two)
Conference, Harry Barnard

21—WLS, WCFL
Morning sermon
5 Christenings (4 at church) One at 437 Rush St. (Riccardos)

22—Funeral
Broadcast, WFMF-FM
Left for Hobart, Ind.
Commencement address, River Forest High School, Hobart

23—Broadcast WFMF-FM
Left Valparaiso for Linden

24—Broadcast, WFMF-FM
In Linden, Mich. at old home

25—Broadcast, WFMF-FM
Commencement Address, Sand Creek, Mich school

26—Returned to Chicago
Broadcast, WFMF-FM
Sick call
Conference, Mr. Barnard

27—Funeral
Cut records, WFMF-FM
Two weddings

28—Wedding
WLS, WCFL
Memorial Sunday Sermon
Address, Forest Home Cemetery
Address, Chapel Hill Gardens
Left for Jackson, Miss.

29—Broadcast, WFMF-FM
Address, Piney Woods School, Piney Woods, Miss.
Return from Jackson, Miss.

30—Broadcast, WFMF-FM
Left for Duluth, Minnesota

31—WFMF-FM Broadcast

FUNERALS

1—The Rev. J. A. Winters
Mr. Harry DeWitt
Mrs. Hulda Pauline Jones

2—Mrs. Claire Bixler
Mr. Leonard E. Bixler

5—Mr. Shelley Neltnor

8—Mrs. Wilhelminia Barmann

9—Mrs. Rose Baer

12—Mrs. Lois N. Miller

15—Miss Nellie Dewey

16—Miss Florence Keve

22—Mrs. Carolyn W. Kull

27—Mr. C. Wilhelm Lindblom

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WLS, September to June ..... 11:00 a.m.

Chicago Sunday Evening Forum (November to Easter) Broadcast WEBH-FM.... 7:00 p.m.

Sunday School, Anderson Hall: All classes meet September to Easter..... 9:45 a.m.
There is instruction for children who, because of distance, cannot come before 10:45 and for children who remain through the church services. A special class for youth over high school age, under Walter Haize. Jack E. Kolinen, superintendent.

Choir rehearsal every Sunday (from 3rd Sunday in September to 2nd Sunday in June) New members welcome..... 9:30 a.m.

Uptown Temple Club: Meets first and third Sunday of the month. Watch church calendar for announcements, or call SU 4-5173..... 5:00 p.m.

Woman's Club: meets September to May, 1st and 3rd Mondays. For summer contact, call Mrs. Harry J. Giffing, 4853 N. Wolcott St., SU 4-5021.....12:30 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club, meets 2nd Sunday of the month, September to May. For summer contact, phone Winnie Jacobsen, 4451 W. Montana St., Chicago 39, DI 2-7629..... 4:00 p.m.

Men's Club meets 4th Tuesday of each month, September to May. For summer contact, phone Mr. Harold E. Hansen, 2218 W. Carmen Avenue, Chicago 18, ED 4-5998 ..... 8:00 p.m.

Great Books Course Class: First and third Tuesdays, all year round, Anderson Hall 7:30 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam.*

Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule

WFMF, 100.3—Daily.....10:00 a.m.
WLS broadcasts the Sunday morning service during church season .....11:00 a.m.
WCFL, Vesper Broadcast, every Sunday..... 5:45 p.m.

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The Peoples Church is very grateful to Mr. William Gage of Magikist Services for their cooperation in sponsoring the broadcast of the Chicago Sunday Evening Forum over WEBH-FM; and for announcing our Sunday morning broadcast over WLS in their newspaper advertising.

The latest report from WLS shows that the 11 a.m. Sunday broadcast from The Peoples Church over WLS has the highest rating of any religious program originating in Chicago on any station at any hour.

For the great courtesy and support which Magikist Services extend to The Peoples Church, we express our deepest gratitude.

Preston Bradley

A friendly hint from a neighbor

A recent nationwide study conducted by the Central Automobile Safety Committee of Kemper Insurance revealed that seven out of ten persons killed or injured in traffic accidents are innocent victims of law-violating drivers.

Here's a tip that may save lives, perhaps your own: KNOW and OBEY traffic laws and DEMAND and SUPPORT strict and impartial enforcement of realistic traffic laws.

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